

HONEY OUT OF THE LION.

Frances M. Abbott in the New England Magazine.

III.

The acquaintance between the two households progressed in various ways. Emerald came twice a day after the milk. Sometimes she wore blue silk and sometimes white silk; also embroidered crapes, silk gingham, organdie muslins with satin ribbons, sailor suits, and a variety of expensive cloth gowns. But however gorgeous her attire, her manner always preserved the same sweet, unconscious simplicity.

She had rigged up a little cart in which to transport her milk cans, and she spent much time one day in trying to attach it to her bicycle; but an evil-minded Portsmouth brick, which had been baked in the days when bicycles would have been considered unladylike, determined to put a stop to such proceedings. After long effort it worked its clumsy bulk out of the sidewalk, and by carefully lying in wait for Emerald when she came along with her bicycle, her cart, and her milk cans, it came near wrecking the whole combination. The bicycle was so injured that the repairs would take the rest of the summer. Then the brick, with an expression of the most innocent stupidity on its face, got down among the grass and smiled. After that Emerald usually came for the milk in her phaeton.

She came at other times too. She used to help the judge hoe in his garden, and she liked to feed the chickens. She regarded Madam Forrestfield with curiosity. "I think you are real pretty," she said to the aged woman; "but ain't you prettier than you are good?"

The old madam, who adored fearlessness, felt a secret respect for the child after that; and though for the benefit of Agatha and Barbara she constantly spoke of Emerald as over-dressed and underbred, she suffered her to frequent the house without opposition.

But it was Miss Rachel and Emerald who were chums. It was Miss Rachel whom the child came to see and whom she was constantly hanging about. That repressed spinster was surprised to find how much more interesting life seemed to her since the advent of the people from Aluminum.

"What makes the night so big and black?" said Emerald. "I mean the night here in Rivervale. In Aluminum it's light all the time, no matter how late you stay at the theatre."

The Forrestfields could not understand the force of her inquiry; but Edmund laughed. "Why, you see Aluminum was the first town in Colorado to light by electricity. The plant was put in when Emerald was a baby. It's moonlight there till dawn every night of the year, and she's never seen anything else."

Edmund was a new actor on the scene; and, strange to say, he had been introduced by Madam Forrestfield. One morning she was taking an airing in her wheeled chair, propelled by the judge. The street was usually deserted, but this morning—Edmund did not know how it could have happened, for nothing exciting ever occurred in Rivervale—but this morning, I say, a runaway horse actually came tearing down the quiet thoroughfare. To be sure he was nothing but Cyrus Sanders' twenty-year-old Bill; but he had the forward wheels of a wagon striking at his heels. The old judge, who was never good for much in an emergency, tried to run his wife up against the fence. Madam Forrestfield, who dearly loved a fiery steed, sat bolt upright in her chair, with the staff of the Rev. Eldad Henbane in her hand, and called out, "Whoa!" in a tone that ought to have brought the beast to his senses. But the horse was evidently both deaf and blind, for he was making straight toward the wheeled chair when a young man sprang forward, pulled the erring creature into the road, and held him, trembling and panting, till Cyrus Sanders, in his overalls, came up and led him off. Then the young man—he was tall, blonde youth, with a most engaging smile—approached the wheeled chair, poked up Judge Forrestfield's hat and the Rev. Eldad Henbane's staff; and the result was that Madam Forrestfield suffered him to wheel her home, and that she invited him into the house and introduced him to the whole family.

Madam Forrestfield would not acknowledge that Edmund had saved her life, because, as she told him that morning, she had never seen a horse that she could not manage, and it was only her ancestral infirmity that prevented her from leaping out of her

chair and seizing the beast by the bits. Nevertheless, she treated the young man with consideration, and actually invited him to call.

"He reminds me of my dear son Bradbury," she said to Rachel. "Heaven forbid!" thought the daughter.

IV.

It was not long after this that the only other member of the house of Witan arrived in town. Father and son sat up late that night after the others had gone to bed.

"Dad," said the young man, "I don't see how you ever crawled out of this hole! It's the dearest place I ever saw. I've been down to the store, and I don't believe they do ten dollars' worth of business a day; and if you want to send a telegram, you've got to drive over to Stumpville."

"How do you like the neighbors?" said his father.

"Well, if you mean the Forrestfields, they beat anything I've seen yet; and I want to know who Gen. John Sullivan is."

"You mean Sullivan of the Revolution, I suppose. Well, he was born in Durham, this state, down near Dover. He was a friend of Langdon and Stark, and was pretty close to Washington. Your great-grandfather served in his company."

"Well, that's a joke on me. I've been over to the Forrestfields, and they've been showing me round. When we got to the dining-room, and I came near tripping on account of the holes in the floor, they opened a great mahogany sideboard and a buffet, and there was a regular silver mine inside. Such porringers and ladles and teapots and tablespoons I never saw before. Solid silver tankards, too! Well, among the rest Miss Rachel fished up a pair of sugar tongs—they were really too heavy to lift; they would have made a first-rate pair of ice picks—and said, 'These were once the property of the famous John Sullivan.' Bless my soul if I didn't think she meant John L!"

"You'll have to study up history if you're going to associate with the Forrestfields. How is the family now, pretty much run down?"

"The barns and sheds are all caving in; but the old lady puts on a heap of style. She has been telling me how they used to do things in Portsmouth—Porchmouth she calls it—when she was young. Where did all their property go?"

"Oh, the sons spent a good deal of it; and then the judge was always shiftless. His father, old Gen. Forrestfield, was a hustler. He came up here after the Revolutionary War—you see before that folks hadn't got very far from the seashore—and he took up a lot of land, toward a thousand acres I guess, and he farmed and traded and built mills, and was high sheriff of the county, and was a big man. If the judge had been smart he might have kept things up; but he married Henrietta Steptoe of Salem or Portsmouth."

"Porchmouth, she told me. She was brought up in the family of her great-uncle, Sir Benhadad Saltpepper."

"Yes, and he was a blasted Tory. I remember now she did come from Portsmouth, though I guess she was born in Salem. Well, she was used to high living, and she and the judge were considered the handsomest couple in the state when they were married. They built this big house, and there was great going on. I've heard my folks tell how people used to come up in their coaches, and they had more company every month than the tavern. They used to buy all their groceries in Boston, sacks of coffee and loaf sugar by the hundred weight, and everything on that scale. Things were pretty fine round here in those days."

"Madam Forrestfield told me that she had never entertained a president since Franklin Pierce died. He was an elegant gentleman, she said."

"You're right. I remember Frank myself. Everybody liked him. At ways just the same to high or low, rich or poor. Now the Forrestfields lifted themselves up. They were pretty high and mighty in their prime; but Pierce, why I've seen him with my own eyes take off his hat to a charcoal burner. I tell you he knew how to behave. He had his failings, but you couldn't get his manners out of him, even when he was pretty well soaked."

"Did you ever see Daniel Webster?" asked Edmund stimulated by this historical interjection.

"Oh, yes, when I was a little shaver. Dan'l Webster was a big man," Mr. Witan continued impressively. "He was quite a friend of the

old general's, and his son Edward used to come up here too—I believe he and the judge were classmates. He's the one that died in the Mexican war, for his country's good. I heard Dan'l Webster plead a case here in the old court house, when I wa'n't more than eight years old. You know how black he was—well, perhaps you don't, for it don't show in his statues, and they've never painted a good picture of him. Well, I've heard my gran'sir say that when Dan'l first begun to go about, folks thought there must be Injun or negro blood in his veins. He was so dark complected. But that wa'n't so at all. He was just as good American as you or I be."

"But how about the Forrestfields losing their money?"

"Well, you see it takes a pretty long purse to stand such extravagance and company and all. And then their help—they never kept less than three women in the house, besides all the men outside! But it was the sons that played the mischief with the property. There was Morris; he was the eldest. Well, I do know there was any harm about him, 'cept he never earned a dollar in his life. He was kind o' literary—wrote poetry, genealogies and sich; but he wa'n't at all factulized. I'll just give you a specimen to show what he was like. I heard him say with my own ears that he never read an American newspaper. Now, that's a pretty sentiment, ain't it, for a man that's got his living to earn in this country? He was drowned off the coast of Italy—gone there for literary pursuits, I believe. Well, that disposed of him. Then there was Jim, he was a poor cuss. He was awful wild; I never knew just how he did come to his end. Some say he was stabbed in a fight down in New Orleans, and some say he was hung for murder. They brought the body home, and they had a private funeral. They give out he couldn't be seen, 'cause it was a warm climate, and they didn't know how to pack folks in ice then. But people round here knew it was just an excuse. They didn't want him seen, for fear we should find out where the halter had been, or else see the marks of the stabbing."

"But Bradbury," said Edmund, "he's the one the old lady is always talking about!"

"Oh, yes! He was her pet and darling! He was the smartest one in the lot, too. Perhaps he might have been somebody, if they hadn't spoiled him. You see his mother thought he was pretty. Now it don't do a young man no good to have his mother bring him up that way. She never wanted him to work nor nothing. Well, Brad was popular, and he run a pretty high rig in college, and got expelled. And he drank awful. Yes, and gambled too, and he was a devil with the women. Well, everybody drank in those days. It's bad now, but it don't hold a candle to what it was then. Well, toward the last of his life—Brad died before he was twenty-five—he used to have the tremens pretty near all the time. There was one night, it was in winter too, and I should think it was just about this o'clock. Mr. Witan pulled out his watch, and noted that the hands marked quarter of twelve. 'Now that's curious, ain't it? It was just exactly this hour that Miss Rachel she run over here with just a shawl over her head, and says she, 'Do come over to the house.' I mistrusted what was up. There wa'n't but one person could manage Bradbury in his tantrums, and Madam Forrestfield would have died before sending for her. Well, when I got over there things was lying around pretty promiscuous. As nearly as I could make out, the crazy critter had knocked both his father and mother down. I couldn't help laughing. The judge never had a particle of grit, and he was saying to his wife, 'My dear, hadn't you better come to bed now?' And there was that feller throwing the house out of the windows."

"What did you do?" asked Edmund eagerly.

"Oh, well!" said his father in the same gentle, deliberative tone in which he always spoke. "I'd seen enough of such goings on at home. He fit like a tiger, but I was 'led with him, and got him under. Some times you can chuck a mustard emetic into 'em, and clear out the stomach; but he was too far gone for that. I stayed there into the next forenoon, and the old lady was pretty civil to me after that; but I didn't want any more of that house. Bradbury died soon after, and I left home—and that's all."

"Who was the person who could manage Bradbury in tantrums?" said Edmund, who found this family history instructive.

"Oh, well!" said his father hastily. "I needn't have mentioned her. She was an Annis, though some folks declared she had good blood on one side of the house. The old lady always declared she was the ruin of her son—though I guess the ruin came the other way. However, she never was a pretty behaved girl, though she was mighty handsome when she was young. To tell the truth," and Mr. Witan lowered his voice, "she was the image of Madam Forrestfield, temper and all, and folks used to talk about it. I do know. Anyway, she come to a bad end, and died in the county farm. I declare I felt bad when such was as her were mixed right in where my gran'sir was, and he as nice an old gran'sir as ever lived; most ninety years old, and had been an ensign in the Revolutionary war."

Edmund made no comment on this. "Tell me something about the Forrestfield girls," he said.

"There ain't nothing to tell about them. The old lady's heart was set on her boys. There was Lucreshy, she was a nice girl enough. She married her cousin, second cousin I believe it was, Lieutenant Crowninshield. I think they're both dead now. And Rachel, she never married. She's all the one left."

"Miss Rachel does not seem like the rest of the family," said Edmund.

"She ain't," observed his father, briefly.

"Agatha acts a good deal like her," continued Edmund.

"Agatha?" said his father, inquiringly. "Oh, Agatha Crowninshield!" After a pause he continued, "Strange, what things have happened in that old house! I guess folks outside little know. I suppose they are pretty poor now."

"They don't know much that's going on in the rest of the world," said Edmund. "You ought to hear the old lady talk. I happened to mention New York, and she said, 'There are very few people left in New York! You would have thought Manhattan Island was an abandoned farm. She said she had never been there since the old Beekman house was taken down: where she once led a ball with Lafayette.'"

"Edmund," said his father with a yawn, "I'm pretty tired, and it's getting late. I guess I'll go to bed." At the door he turned around, and said in the same gentle voice, "Edmund, if you want to marry Agatha Crowninshield, I'll take you in partner with me." Then he went softly out.

Miss Rachel sat up rather late that night. By a strange coincidence, she had been thinking over the family history, about her brothers and the lives they had led, according to her knowledge, which was much less than most of her neighbors possessed. Her thoughts were calm, for her brothers were all older than she, and had all died long, long ago. Suddenly there flashed across her mind a little scene, something entirely disconnected, something she had not thought of for years.

It was a lovely day in October, and she had been to visit a family in the north village. Coming back she stopped to drink at the wayside spring, a beautiful place in the heart of a clump of yellow birches and russet chestnuts. Suddenly she felt some one gazing at her. It was a woman, a strange woman. Rachel was a young girl, and her experience had been of the narrowest order. She was the embodiment of all that was meek and proper; but she felt instinctively that here was some one neither meek nor proper. The woman had a wild, defiant and exceedingly sad look. She had evidently been drinking; her dress was torn, and one wrist was bleeding. Rachel was frightened, but her heart prompted her to act. She took a handkerchief from her pocket, bound up the woman's wrist, and gave her a drink of water, and then turned and fled as it she had had a glimpse of the nether world.

She never told her mother, who might have imprisoned her for life for such a scandalous adventure; and she never saw the woman again. None of the Forrestfields knew that when Randy Annis died at the county farm she had Rachel's handkerchief about her neck; but it made quite a little talk at the time, especially among people not of the Forrestfield set.

(To be concluded.)

Fire at Underhill Center last week Wednesday destroyed a house belonging to Mrs. Ruth Terrill, and she was burned to death. She was 87 years old and leaves three sons.

The Ring Mountains of the Moon.

The moon is really and truly a great planet of mountains, its whole visible surface being dotted with elevations of curious shapes and of extraordinary height. We say "its whole visible surface" and hasten to explain that we make this statement simply because the eye of man has never seen but one side of the surface of the moon. What we see convinces us that the little planet is extremely mountainous, for on the "end" exposed to our view there are no less than 30,000 peaks, varying in height from 2,000 feet to 4 miles. When we consider the fact that this lunar world is only one thirty-second part as large as the earth we can easily see why it deserves the title of the "planet of great mountains." There is a peculiar thing about these 30,000 moon peaks. Each and every one of them has a ringlike form, the open end of the conical point being of greater or lesser diameter, according to the height of the mountain. In a low grade telescope these peaks resemble true volcanoes, but when viewed through a high grade glass it is seen that the depression in the center of the queer "ring mountain" is often so great as to be below the general level of the surrounding country. The depth of these depressions is calculated in a curious manner—by figuring on the relative shadows they cast when the sun is shining full upon them. The diameter of these "ring mountains" varies greatly, some of the larger ones being 50, 100 or even 150 miles, while the smaller look like post holes when viewed through a good telescope.—St. Louis Republic.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Flint Bros.

At a Bookstore.

Customer—But this book bears a date prior to the advent of printing. Dealer in Rare Volumes—So much the more valuable, \$7.50—so much the more valuable. It is proof of its antiquity. It was only after the invention of printing, you know, that the counterfeiting of old volumes was possible.—Boston Transcript.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently, there has been placed in all the grocery stores, a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over a fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Swelling.

"When Mrs. Rawton lived in Paw-paw, she wouldn't wear a gown unless it was made in Chicago."

"Yes, and now that she lives in Chicago she won't wear any gown made outside of Paris."—Chicago Record.

March April May

Are the months in which to give especial attention to the condition of your physical health. If you pass safely through these months and find yourself strong and vigorous on the arrival of warmer weather, you may reasonably expect that you will be well in summer. Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because now is the time when the blood must be purified, enriched and vitalized, and because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently on the public eye today. Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to make you healthy and guard your system against disease.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and LEAD BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

C. R. LYNCH, PATTERNS MAKER.

House Finish, Turning & Moldings.

STAIR WORK A SPECIALTY. Dealer in Sash, Doors and Blinds. Shop in Hooker's Building, Mill Street, ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

Cut in Bone.

For the next thirty days we will sell Ground Raw Bone and Meat at 20c per lb.

Cracked Raw Bone at 2 1/2-20c per lb.

At the Bone Mill, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

There is nothing like it to make the hens lay.

Amateurs Attention!

All amateurs are anxious to give a finished performance when called upon to play a part in some home production. Here is your chance.

Clara Davenport

The leading lady of the J. C. Rock, well Dramatic Co., intends remaining in your city for a while and will coach a few pupils for the stage. Terms low. For full particulars, call at the Union House.

Graphophone can be engaged for private parties, societies, etc.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.

IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation; the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels and growth of unsound tissue, causing pain and disease.

INFLAMMATION

Causes Every Known Disease!

Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation, such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc. The organs of digestion have a multitude of inflammatory troubles. The vital organs form one complete plan mutually dependent; therefore inflammation anywhere is felt more or less everywhere, and impairs the health. The late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned Family Physician, originated JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, in 1810, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation. It is today the Universal Household Remedy.

Send us at once your name and address, and we will send you free, our New Illustrated Book, "TREATMENT FOR DISEASES," caused by inflammation. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Always Fresh—Always Crisp

That is the way a cracker should be—that is the way you will always find the "HANOVER." They have a peculiar flavor and delicious crispness which you cannot find in any other cracker made. Get them—try them—you will like them.

Every grocer has or should have them.

GEO. W. SMITH & SON, Bakers and Confectioners

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

FARM FOR SALE.

The farm of the late S. W. Sprague, situated in North Danville, consisting of 425 acres, with sugar orchard of 3000 trees and a large quantity of extra spruce lumber and cedar swamp. Has one of the

Postmaster

St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Finest Upland Meadows

in northern Vermont, of about 80 acres, which usually cuts 75 tons of hay; three teams and sleds and hay barn.

A HOUSE

finished for two families, in good repair, with a stream of never-failing water to house and barn. Will be sold at a bargain. A rare chance to make money. Enquire of

B. D. HARTSHORN, Administrator, Danville, Or of LYNDON ARNOLD, St. Johnsbury.

HORACE K. IDE.

It seems to be generally understood that there will be a change in the office of postmaster some time in 1897. The undersigned hereby announces himself as a candidate for the same, subject to the approval of a caucus to be held some time in the future.

Bobbing FOR Whales

with a bent pin on a rotten string is about as fruitless as trying to secure the best trade of St. Johnsbury and vicinity without advertising in the

Caledonian.

There is nothing like it to make the hens lay.

Amateurs Attention!

All amateurs are anxious to give a finished performance when called upon to play a part in some home production. Here is your chance.

Clara Davenport

The leading lady of the J. C. Rock, well Dramatic Co., intends remaining in your city for a while and will coach a few pupils for the stage. Terms low. For full particulars, call at the Union House.

Graphophone can be engaged for private parties, societies, etc.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.

Amateurs Attention!

All amateurs are anxious to give a finished performance when called upon to play a part in some home production. Here is your chance.

Clara Davenport

The leading lady of the J. C. Rock, well Dramatic Co., intends remaining in your city for a while and will coach a few pupils for the stage. Terms low. For full particulars, call at the Union House.

Graphophone can be engaged for private parties, societies, etc.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.

Amateurs Attention!

All amateurs are anxious to give a finished performance when called upon to play a part in some home production. Here is your chance.

Clara Davenport

The leading lady of the J. C. Rock, well Dramatic Co., intends remaining in your city for a while and will coach a few pupils for the stage. Terms low. For full particulars, call at the Union House.

Graphophone can be engaged for private parties, societies, etc.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.